

Radio

Radio Soon Will Be World-Wide Free

NEW YORK, April 26.—"The time is almost here when the free exchange of private radio communication between citizens of all lands will occur at more or less frequent intervals."

That is the statement of Paul F. Godley, leader of radio amateurs in America. Godley is the first man to receive a trans-Atlantic wireless message on the short wave length.

"The American boy has set the whole world a-buzzing," says Godley. "And Europe will be stepping along at a fast clip, too."

Within the next four years, Godley estimates, five million American homes will be equipped with radio sets.

"A few months ago," he explains, "to show the vast increasing interest in radio, 'the world at large' knew very little about radio communication. Now we see Holland taking every advantage of radio-phone broadcasting, Mexico follows suit with a similar policy."

"South American countries are greatly interested in the possibilities of this wonderful thing and recently France legalized amateur transmitting and receiving."

"English amateurs who never bothered about communication over distances greater than 25 miles are perking up. They have been away behind their American brothers."

"Here the youngsters start climbing trees, and scaling roofs to rig up an aerial when he is 12 or 13. There they don't begin to be in-



PAUL F. GODLEY.

terested until they are 29. But they are living up."

Getting Most Out of Crystal

By R. L. DUNCAN,
Director, Radio Institute of America

It is often difficult for the amateur to find the sensitive spot on his crystal detector.

By using a simple high frequency buzzer and a small ordinary dry cell it is easy to adjust the fine wire on the selective spot of the galena.

This key may be made of a small piece of sheet brass. A small round-piece of wood and a stiff spring-headed brass tack is used

for the contact point driven into one end of the wood.

A small knob is fitted on one end of the spring as a push button and the other end is fastened to the wooden base, at a point opposite the brass tack.

When a contact is made by pressing the spring down to the tack head, the circuit is closed and the buzzer vibrates.

Adjust the fine catwhisker wire leading to the galena while the buzzer is vibrating until the sound is heard in the head phones.

By picking around in this manner, you will be able to locate the best spot on the galena. After this point is found immediately release the buzzer current, although the buzzer circuit does not have to be disconnected from the set.

Do not touch the surface of the galena with your bare hands. When the galena seems lifeless, wash it with alcohol or file the surface with a medium groove file.

A new sensitive point will probably be discovered.

RADIO PRIMER

ION—An atom of matter whose definite amount of electric charge has been increased or decreased so as to give it an electrical charge. When the electrons are decreased, the atom becomes a positive ion. When electrons are added, the atom is converted to a negative ion.

bottom of each. Barry's eyes opened wide.

"That's—that's my signature," came at last.

"This one's the same, isn't it?" The second paper was shoved forward.

"Yes."

"Then I don't see what you're kicking about. Do you know anyone named Jenkins, who is a notary public?"

"Yes."

"Then look 'em over. If that isn't a lease to the lake and flume and lumber site, and if the second one isn't a contract for stumpsage at a dollar and a half a thousand feet—well, then, I can't read."

"But I'm telling you that I didn't give it to them," Houston had reached for the papers with a trembling hand. "I don't remember."

"Didn't I tell you?" Thayer had turned to the sheriff. "There he goes pulling that loss of memory stunt again. That's one of his best little bets," he added sneering, "to lose his memory."

"I've never lost it yet."

"No—then you can forget things awfully easy. Such as coming out here and pretending not to know who you were. You can't even remember the night you murdered your own cousin can you?"

"That's a—"

"See, sheriff? His memory's bad. All the malice and hate of pent-up enmity was in Fred Thayer's voice now. One snarled hand went forward in accusation. "He can't even remember how he killed his own cousin. But if he can't, I can. Ask him about the time when he slipped that mallet in his pocket at a prize fight and then went out with his

Musterole insures quick relief from neuralgia. It's a clean, white ointment on your temples and neck.

Musterole is made with oil of mustard, but will not burn and blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Get Musterole in your drug store, 25¢ and 50¢ in jars and tubes; hospital size, \$2.00.

Better Than a Mustard Plaster.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BURN

INDIANA LUMBER & MFG. CO.
INDIANA MILLWORK

You Will Gain A Big Advantage By Building Now

IN March, 1919, we urged people not to delay building—predicting an increase in the cost of labor and materials. By September of that year prices had already gone up. The people who took advantage of our familiarity with the local and national building situation saved money by building in the spring.

Again we say, now is the time to build. The prices of materials have come down. You have everything to gain by immediate action, for according to all indications a rise in prices is inevitable.

Build now! At least get facts—not gossip—on building conditions. It will cost you nothing to investigate. We will be glad to go into details—to give you the benefit of our close contact with the building situation. And, incidentally, we can be of great assistance to you in getting just the plans for a home that will suit you best.

Call us up or come in. A word now from experienced builders may save you a world of inconvenience later.

Indiana Lumber & Mfg. Co.
742 South Michigan Street

East Side Lumber Yard
West Side Lumber Yard
North Side Lumber Yard
Mishawaka Lumber Yard

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The sheriff pulled two legal documents from his pocket, and unfolding them, had shown Houston the

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Canadian still stared at the ruins.

"Et is all Ba'teese's fault!"

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"Then show it! I've got about fifteen thousand in the bank. There's enough lumber around here to build a new saw-shed, and money to buy a few saws. And I need help—I won't be able to move without you."

"Oui!"

"If you ever mention any responsibility for this thing again—you're fired. Do we understand each other?"

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He found no Ba'tiste but there was something else which held Houston's interest for a moment and which stopped him, staring wonderingly into the distance. A new skid-way had made its appearance on the side of the jutting mountain nearest the dam. Logs were tumbling downward in slow, but steady succession, to disappear, then, to show themselves, bobbing jerkily outward toward the center of the lake. A thunderous voice was booming beligerently from the distance:

"You lie—unfian! Ba'teese say you lie—if you no like eet, just what you say—climb up me! Un-fian? Climb up me!"

Houston broke into a run, racing along the flume with constantly increasing speed as he heard outburst after outburst from the giant trap-per, intercepted by the lesser sounds of argumentative voices in reply. Finally he heard a woman's voice, then Ba'tiste's, in sudden command: "Go on—you no belong here. Ba'teese, he handle this. Go 'long!"

Houston, at last made the turn of the road as it followed the flume, and saw the broad back of the Canadian, squared as he was, half across the road. Facing him were five men with shovels and hammers, workmen of the Blackburn camp. Houston looked more closely, then gasped. It was another flume; they were making a connection with his own. "What's this mean?" he demanded angrily.

The foreman looked up caustically.

"I've told you about ten times," he answered, addressing himself to Ba'tiste. "We're building a connection on our flume."

"Our flume?" Houston gasped the words. "I own this flume and this lake and this flume site?"

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CHAPTER VIII

The statement took Houston off his feet for a moment; but recovery came just as quickly, a recoil with red spots of anger blazing before his eyes, the surge of hot blood sweeping through his veins, the heat of conflict in his brain. His good hand clenched. A leap and he had struck the foreman on the point of the chin, sending him reeling backward, while the other men rushed to his assistance.

"That's my answer to you!" shouted Houston.

"Run tell Thayer!" shouted the foreman, and then with recovering strength, he turned for a cant hook. But Ba'tiste seized it first.

"Here comes somebody!" Ba'tiste's grip tightened about the cant hook and he rose, squaring himself. Houston seized the cant hook and stood waiting a few feet in the rear, in readiness for anyone who might evade the bulwark of blows which Ba'tiste evidently intended to set up.

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